

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

BY WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.]

"STATE RIGHTS AND STATE REMEDIES—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION."

[\$5 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

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STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

TERMS.—The State Rights and Democratic Union will be furnished to subscribers at \$5 00 per annum in advance; Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines, or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the Cash, or good reference in own. Announcing candidates for office will be \$10 or State or county—in advance.

YEARLY ADVERTISERS For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure \$60. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.

The privilege of annual advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, voted in by them must be paid for by the square.

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As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from them in any case whatever.

ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY. Letters on business must be paid for, or they will not be taken from the Post Office.

To the Public.

The rights of editors and publishers of papers have been too long neglected. Justice will never be done unless themselves assert their rights and enforce the most rigid rules, which in the end will be found salutary to the public and beneficial to those engaged in the press. Publishers of papers have been so long imposed upon the community at large, that they are considered to some extent a degraded class of beings, when in fact there is no occasion in life so honorable, as giving so high consideration, productive of so much good, a class that exerts so powerful an influence. It is known to be proverbial for the debtors to press their publishers to consider their demands, as the debt to be paid—debts to which there is attached no moral obligation, and which they can refuse to pay with justice and honor; hence, it is incumbent upon the contractors of the press to assert their own rights, and resist, severally and jointly to bring all relations of newspapers under some obligations that attach to other contracts, or always remain in poverty and want, with those debts due them from the most virtuous men in the country.

We call upon all editors and publishers of papers who approve of the following rules, to endorse them by their signatures—place them at the head of their papers, and strictly adhere to them.

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Advance payment will be required from all transient advertisers.

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Political circulars charged as advertisements and payment required in advance.

All advertisements of a personal character will be charged double and payment required in advance.

Election tickets will not be printed without order, nor delivered to any person without payment.

The above rules, we, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to abide by.

JAMES A. STEVENS, Editor and Proprietor of the Yazoo City Whisk. S. B. B. A. K. Editor of the Natchez Courier. BESANON & ALDAY, Publishers of the Mississippi Free Trader. JAMES HANAN, Editor and Proprietor of the Vicksburg Sentinel. WM. M. SWYTH, Editor and Proprietor of the Grand Gulf Advertiser. A. B. & S. C. CORWINE, Editors and Proprietors of the Yazoo Banner. GEORGE A. WILSON, Editor and Proprietor of the Holy Springs Banner. Editor of the Rodney Telegraph. J. M. DUFFIELD, Editor of Grand Gulf Whisk. W. B. T. BO, Editor of the Fayette Advertiser. NEED & NEWTON, Publishers of the Southern Reporter. B. KE & CURTIS, Editors and Proprietors of the Southern Argus. M. MOWER, Publisher of the Southern Sentinel. A. R. A. S. CLARK, Publisher of the Port Gibson Correspondent. G. P. RIGER, Editor of Gallatin Star. WILLIAM M. TOLBERT, Publisher of the State Rights and Democratic Union. June 1839.

From the Cadiz Sentinel. DEMOCRATIC MOROR.

OR, THE PROSPECTS OF MARTIN VAN BUREN FOR 1840. NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The granite boys, firm heart of steel, Will march in bands of array; They'll make the bounding whigs to feel On that eventful day.

MAINE. Next see the choppers march in rank, Their waving banners fly; Come crash the cursed mammoth bank Their standard banners cry.

MASSACHUSETTS. The old bay state will muster then, Her democratic bands, She'll rout the tiger from his den, Dan Webster and his clans.

CONNECTICUT. The steady habit men will rise, And rank among the rest; That liberty, which freedom prize Is surely worth the contest.

VERMONT. Green mountains are passing on, In solid phalanx they come— Like to old Stark at Bennington, They march with life and drum, Tho' Everett's nigger host they'll break, And throw them in ditches; Their course to victory they'll take, And shout a loud hurra.

RHODE ISLAND. The fisher boys will trust their chains, If possible they can; I know that every nerve they strain, To rout the whiggish clan.

N. Y. O. R. Hurrah! the empire state is here, Down, down, the whigs are hurled; Come, whigs, stand back in the rear, Gaze at the world's wonder.

NEW JERSEY. Next come the democratic blues, See how their romancers shine; They've beaten down Nick Biddle's crew And Southard's left behind.

PENNSYLVANIA. Sound lead the tramp, the Keystone boys, Go hero—they lead the van; They'll not be out-maneuvred, Yet rout the Riner clan.

DELAWARE. The oversters won't stay behind, They'll join the men of Penn; They'll send the Bards to the wind, And set one more like men.

MARYLAND. Here next the voters in array, Victorious shouting cry— Republicans have gained the day, Long, long live liberty.

VIRGINIA. Dominion's banners proudly wave, Loudly they shout and cry— Whigs, ye have found your grave, For victory crowns the day.

OHIO. Qu'on of the west, brave Buckeye's home, In front he banners stream— With -ons of liberty she come, And victory o'er her gleams.

MICHIGAN. The Wolverinee close side by side, To glory onward press— Who can republicans divide, Or make them number less?

NORTH CAROLINA. "Gold diggers" now their standard rear, Thr' about the land of tar— They have their -ies, in crowds repair, And ha-ten to the war.

SOUTH CAROLINA. Rice eaters, rouse on every hand, And raise the merry tune; She never will disgrace the land Of Marion and Moulton.

GEORGIA. Triumphant about the cottoners Have burst their cobweb chain— We'll give Georgia a thousand cheers, She's now her-eli again.

LABAMA. Will swampers fill behind the rear? No, no, it cannot be— Democracy is till her taste, Her sons are all born free.

LOUISIANA. The Picaroons have joined the train, And dancing merry jig— At Packeham upon their main, They will defeat the whigs.

KENTUCKY. The Smokers too are muntering, They're always good in fight— Like scorpions, the whigs at -ill sting, And put their ranks to flight.

INDIANA. The hoisters they're a noble race, Will muster all their host; For Van will now take Tipp's place, He'll be their pride and boast.

ILLINOIS. The Suckers next their front will show, Their rights they will maintain; They'll lay the bowing whigs down low Like grass upon the plain.

MISSOURI. The Bonton boys will go ahead And slaughter all their foe— Remember, they have lots of lead, To deal out heavy blows.

ARKANSAS. Sing Yankee Doodle might and main, The Croakers will the day; Tho' they live near unto New Spain, They will not vote for pay.

MISSISSIPPI. The Sugarons come to the fight, With armor buckled on; They'll put the whiggish ranks to flight And slay them every one.

TENNESSEE. See the triumphal arch raised, The land of Jackson's Free, White and his crew are sad amazed; Ane so let it be.

MR. JONES—MRS. JONES AND FAMILY.—Or Sickness out West.—Bill Jones, Bill Jones' better half, and some half dozen little Joneses, arrived yesterday from Illinois. They took a deck passage down the river, and what with attending Mrs. Jones and watching the busy little pledges of his and her affection—keeping them from the boilers, the engine, the wheelhouse and the guards, Bill looked pretty well used up. When the gangway was laid from the steamboat to the wharf, Mr. Jones undertook to pilot the 'rest of himself' in safety on shore.

"Don't throw me in the river you wretch," says Mrs. J. as her attentive lord and master tremulously led her out.

"Don't be afraid, my dear," said the kind and god-natured Jones—"there's no danger."

"Oh! you —," says his partner; and she gave Jones a look that meant something. A feeble cry was now heard from the boat.

"That's my Tommy," said Mrs. Jones in apparent despair. "Will you run and save him or will you allow my child to drown, you stupid, good-for-nothing man, you!"

The poor hen-pecked Jones was on board the boat in a minute, and Tommy was in his ma's arms the next.

"Tum to his mud. Was mud's pet fraidy ob steamboat, and would not dirty fady save muddy's boy?"

All these interrogatories Tommy answered by pitching his crying voice at a higher key

than he commenced with. Mrs. Jones, meantime, kept rocking back and forward on the old box on which she was sitting, and her good for nothing man, as she usually called him, was clearing out his 'plunder' from the boat.

Tommy now became more quiet, which permitted Mrs. Jones to cast a sup-erintending eye over her liege lord. "See," she said, "you unhandy thing—see how you place that bed in the wet, look at how you have broken the back of that chair with your clumsiness! don't let that trunk fall on the child's feet—you're so stupid you don't know what you're about—don't you know that basket you threw down there has got all my chany, besides a clock and a looking-glass in it, eh?"

Poor Jones appeared to go ahead in clearing the boat, making no other reply to the ill-natured admissions of Mrs. Jones, than such as, "I won't hurt the child, love—I wasn't I that broke the chair; I packed that glass so well there is no fear of it, Mrs. J." And then he unlocked a box and gave a piece of bread to Tommy, and a piece to little Billy, and a piece to young Sally Ann, and a piece to each of the whole family. He offered Mrs. Jones a piece but she did not want his musty trash. He then bought a watermelon and began to portion it out into lots, when Mrs. J. gave a peevish shout that could be heard at the cathedral.

"What's the matter, Mrs. J.," said the good-natured husband.

"Matter enough, you ignorant fool, you," said she in a hysterical voice; "do you do you want Jones, to kill my dear children?" and before he had time to extenuate, an old acquaintance came up.

"Why Jones!" said the acquaintance, "how are you? and, as I live, Mrs. Jones! Why, Mrs. Jones, how do you do? really you look very ill. I hope there ain't nothing the matter with you?"

"Oh, Mr. Williams," said Mrs. J. in a faint voice—"Mr. Williams, I've not had a day's good health since I left, and I was so annoyed with that stupid man of mine. I have had the chills and the fevers—the inter-mittent fever, the lake fever, the fever and ague, and every other ague."

"Well," said Jones, with the best natured kind of a smile, "you have had a great many fevers and agues, that's a fact, but I'm blowed if ever you were afflicted yet with the dumb ague since I knew you, excepting it might be when you were asleep."

We thought this a pretty hard hit in return for the unmerited abuse the passive Jones had suffered, and we thought that if he possessed courage he knew how to repel the enemy.—We quit the Jones' perfectly satisfied in our own mind, that Bill Jones was a married man, and of course—a happy man.—N. O. Pic.

THE MORAL OF HANGING.

We do not know from what work the following terrible passage is extracted. We find it in the Albany Daily Advertiser. It bears harder against punishment by death than a whole acre of homily.

THE HANGMAN AND THE JUDGE.—"Did your lordship ever attend a killing time at the Old Bailey! If not, pray favor me with your company: not on the gallows, but staying in the street, amid a crowd that always assemble when I am at work for you and the sheriff. Perhaps it will add to the zest, if you come when I have a young woman to stiffen, supplied by yourself. Will the fluttering of her petticoats, as she swings in the wind, produce a pleasant sound in your ears, my learned master! Fail not to watch the people; the men, women and children, good, bad and indifferent—who have gathered to behold the sacred majesty of the law. You will see such flashing of the eyes and grinding of teeth—you will hear sighs and groans, and words of rage and hatred, with fierce curses on yourself and me; and then laughter; such as it is, of an unnatural kind, that they will make you start—jest on the d-d, that they will make you sick! You will feel—no—why should you feel any more than your faithful journeyman? We shall go to our breakfasts with good appetites, and a firm conviction that every hanging boot changes many pilferers into saving robbers, fit for murder."

A few years ago I was called out of town to hang a little boy who had been convicted of killing with malice aforethought. If guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to executions. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor young creature's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of business; and a beautiful child he was too, as you have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes, and golden hair. I have no heart, no feeling; who has in our calling? But those who came to see me strangle that tender youngster have hearts and feelings as we once had. Hae!—no; had; for what they saw was fit to make them as hard as your servant, or his master.

"They saw that stripling lifted, fainting, on to the gallows; his smooth cheek of the color of wood ashes—his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving sigh after sigh, as if the body and soul were parting without my help."

This was a downright murder; for there was scarcely any life to take out of him. When I began to pull the cap over his baby face, he pressed his small hands together, (his arms, you know, were corded fast to his body,) and he gave me a beseeching look; just as a calf will lick the butcher's hand. But cattle do not speak; the creature muttered, "Pray, sir, don't hurt me." My dear, answered I, you should have spoken to master; I'm only the journeyman, and must do as

I'm bid." This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, and I do think I should have cried myself if I had not heard shouts from the crowd—"Poor lamb! shame! murder!" "Quick," said the sheriff. "Ready," said I. The reverend gentleman gave me the wink—the drop fell—one kick—and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed; some swearing, some weeping with passionate exclamations; some blaspheming as if hell had broke loose; and some laughing, while they cracked black-guard jokes on you and me and the parson and the dangling corpse. They had come for the sight; they would have come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement; they went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had come to riot in the passions of fear and pity; they went back, some in a fever of rage, burning with hate, some hardened in heart, like me, or you; all sunk down in their own respect, ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us—th- judge and the hangman."

Oh, wise law-makers! who think to soften the hearts of the people; to make them gentle and good; to give them a feeling of respect for themselves and others; by showing them a sight like this!

STEVENSON'S PICKNICK.—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE GALLON LAW.—Yesterday, the celebrated Stevenson's Picknick came off, three doors above Pearl, on Main street. The occasion was the expiration of his license to retail in small quantities; hereafter to be a pensioner and an expounder of the "Gallon Law."

A large crowd came into Stevenson's as usual at 11 o'clock, where they found his large six gallon bowl of punch exhibited. It was a princely treat. Those who were so much "gallon men" as to refuse drink from that capacious urn, were, of course, accommodated in "broken doses"—say from one to two glasses, just as they called for them, in quality as good as the best, and a little better.

Dan Stevenson is a prince; and his deputy, Jac. Reamer, is a good representative of his principal, who is now absent.

Jac. Reamer was the individual who, with his calm and sedate countenance, furnished those generous refreshments during the late strike, which so much invigorated the "Independent Phoenix Fire Company" and the other branches of the Fire Department. Mr. Reamer officiated yesterday; and the table spread at eleven, as a lunch, would have shamed most of the Natchez dinners. There were fowl, fish, pork, mutton, and venison, pig, lamb and veal, with eggs in all varieties of cookery; besides every condiment suitable for an occasion like this. A large crowd, with the highest good feelings, did honor to the occasion. There were assembled politicians, with their adherents; men of common-rail pursuit, with their bills of sale; and lawyers, with their briefs—all eager to mingle with the "great democracy" on the funeral occasion of "old times," and the birth of the "Gallon Law."

Every feeling of this assemblage was an exegesis of the "Gallon Law," an infamous provision, based on bad principles for a good end.

Our fathers of '76" went against the duty on tea and stamps; so will we, their descendants, go against the illegal and unconstitutional legislation of the Legislature of Mississippi, both on the "Gallon Law" and the "Tavern fare bill."

We have no right to do wrong that right may be the consequence. The principles of legislation on which the "Gallon Law" was based, were wrong and in opposition to the principles of our constitution, and to the general feeling of the community.

The moral part of the community, feeling too weak in the justice of their cause, wished, wrongfully, to bring in the aid of law to their assistance. Through disappointed, unhappy and dissatisfied partisans, the bill they wished was hurried through the Legislature; and that bill has violated the principles for which our fathers fought. It is anti-republican, and opposed to the principle of free trade.

The people of Mississippi are as willing as the people of Massachusetts to sustain true legislation, based on constitutional principles; but the former cannot go the "Gallon Law," no more than the latter can go the "Fifteen Gallon Law." Both are illegal in fact—anti-republican in effect, and injurious to the public morals. Public morals need no fictitious aid from a false position, as the Gallon or the Fifteen Gallon, both evidently are; for if a gill is bad, a "gallon" or "fifteen gallon" is worse. There is no mistake in this position. It is intended to gull the public, and its death warrant is sealed.—Free Trader.

From Will's Letters.

ENGLISH HORSEMANSHIP AND DRIVING.—I have driven in the Park several days, admiring the Queen on horse back, and observing the changes in the fashions of driving, equipages, &c. &c.—Her majesty seems to me to ride securely and fearlessly, though it is no wonder that in a country where every body rides, there should be bolder and better horsemen. Miss Quenton, one of the Maids of Honor, said to be the best female equestrian in England, "takes the courage out" of the Queen's horse every morning before the ride—so she is secured against one class of accidents. I met the Royal party

yesterday in full gallop near the centre of Rotten Row, and the two grooms who ride ahead, had brief time to do their work of making the crowd of carriages give way. On came the Queen upon a dun colored, highly groomed horse, with the Prime Minister on one side of her and Lord Byron on the other, her cortege of Maids of Honor, and Ladies and Lords in waiting, checking their more spirited horses, and preserving always a slight distance between themselves and her Majesty. Victoria's round, plumb figure, looks extremely well in her dark green riding dress, but I thought the man's hat unbecom- ing. Her profile is not sufficiently good for that trying style, and the cloth riding-cap is so much prettier, that I wonder she does not remember that "nice customs cursey to great Queens," and wear what suits her. She rode with her mouth open, and looked exhilarated with the exercise. Lord Melbourne, it struck me; was the only person in her party whose face had not the constrained look of consciousness of observation.

I observe that the "crack men" ride without martingales, and the best turn-outs are driven without a check-rein. The outstretched neck which is the consequence, has a sort of Arab or block look, probably the object of the change; but standing seems to be ugly and out of taste. All the new carriages are built near the ground. The low park- phaeton, light as a child's play thing, and drawn by pair of ponies, is the fashionable equipage. I saw the prettiest thing conceivable of this kind yesterday in the park—a lady driving a small cream colored horse of great beauty, with her two children in the phaeton, and two grooms behind, mounted on cream colored saddle horses; all four of the animals of the finest shape and action. The new street cars, (precisely the old fashioned sedan chair suspended between four wheels, a foot from the ground) are imitated by the private carriages, and driven with two horses; ugly enough. The cab-phaeton, (of which there was a very handsome specimen at Collins and Lawrence's when I left New York) is in great fashion, with either one or two horses. The race of ponies is greatly improved since I was in England, they are as well shaped as the large horse, with very fine coats and great spirit. The children of the nobility go scampering through the park upon them, looking like housemen and horse- women seen through a reversed opera glass. They are scarce larger than a Newfoundland dog, but they patter along with great speed. There is one fine lad of about eight years whose parents seem to have very little care for his neck, and who, upon a fleet milk white, long tailed pony, is seen daily riding at a rate of twelve miles an hour through the most crowded streets, with a servant on a tall horse playing whip and spur to keep up with him. The whole system has the dro- lect of a mixture of Lilliput and Brobding- nag.

Lady Blessington's different carriages, are still, each in their style, the most beautiful turnouts in England, & D'Orsay, fine figured and noble horsemanship give an air of superior elegance to his new spotted dress of the old English gentleman—the blue coat, buff leathers and Hessian boots.—Talking with him yesterday on horseback in a bright sun- shine, I could not but marvel at the absolute- ly untouched youth and freshness of face—the skin as clear and faultless as a boy's of fourteen, and his small delicate features showing not even the first beginning of the wear and tear of life. Yet D'Orsay must be somewhere between thirty-five and forty, and as lived a century of excitement and "life." What is his "well of Canathos?"

NEW SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—Believing it would be interesting to our readers to know the progress making in the public buildings at Austin, we have collected the following information:

The buildings intended for the offices of the different departments of government, are now ready; they are nine in number of two rooms each.

The President's mansion is raised. The frame, two story, is sixty or sixty-four feet in length; and thirty deep, having a well designed portico in front, with a double gallery fourteen feet wide, extending the full length in rear.

Lumber for the Capital is ready. It will be of the following dimensions: One story with back gallery; main building, ninety-four feet long by forty feet deep; centre passage from front to rear, of fourteen feet, leaving the session rooms forty feet square. The gallery is to be divided into small rooms for the use of committees.

There are supposed to be about thirty other buildings in the place, ordinary in appearance, erected for boarding houses, groceries, etc. Some few dwellings in progress. The population is about three or four hundred, and all busy in preparing for the reception of company expected at the sale of lots.

The city is said to be laid off with much taste, due regard having been paid to the convenience of those who may there reside permanently. The main avenue, leading from the river, and which extends back to a delightful eminence, designated College Hill, is one hundred feet wide. About eight hundred yards from the river, it passes between two eminences of from thirty to fifty feet above the level of the river bank, on which are large post oak groves. In one of these shady spots stands the Capitol; and opposite, in a place of corresponding beauty, the President's House. From four to six acres of ground are laid off to each, for gardens,

walks, &c. Below, and fronting the avenue, are the public offices before named.

The selection for Courthouse Square is spoken of as being very beautiful, containing a large grove of live oaks, whose branches intertwine for some hundred yards. The survey and arrangement of buildings must reflect much credit upon the agent, Mr. Edwin Waller.—Texas Emigrant.

THE COMPASSIONATE MERCHANT.—James, said a merchant on Main street to his clerk the other morning, go down to Water street to Mr. —, and tell him his rent must be paid to-day. I can't wait any longer, as he is already two quarters in arrear.

The clerk obeyed the direction and soon returned with great appearance of mildness about the eyes. "Mr. — wants to see you, sir, about that rent very much."

The merchant happily was at leisure, and went at once to visit the tenant. He found him extended upon a course bed, in an insensate state of dangerous malady. His wife was busy over a scanty fire apparently preparing some aliment for her sick husband. Three little children sat shivering in a corner. His approach was unnoticed.

"Ma," said one of the little urchins, "when he you going to get breakfast?"

"Breakfast, my dear child, that is more than I can tel."

The merchant advanced.

"My good woman—my good woman—then—that is"—and the worthy man felt very much like cho-king. He grasped his pocket book convulsively, and laid some bills upon the table; he opened the door and disappeared.

James, said he again to his clerk, "take this order to Mr. —, and tell him to have the provisions delivered immediately."

The merchant felt much better than he would have done if he had got the rent. There is something in a good action that makes one's heart feel lighter; warmer; better. We would publish the good man's name, but we know he would not forgive it, and we would not for the world offend him. Buffaloman.

APOTHEMS.—Knowledge, when only in the possession of the few, has almost always been turned to inquisitive purposes.

Surprises are like misfortunes; they rarely come single.

Habits are the petrifications of the feelings.

Imagination is to love, what gas is to the balloon; that which raises it from earth.

Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude.

What a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy!

Like the cards which form a child's plaything palace, our pleasures are nicely balanced one upon the other.

The pleasure of change is opposed by that of habit; and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new.

Small evils make the worst part of great ones; it is so much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience.

Attention is always pleasant in acquaintances till we tire of them.

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance—it is a being who can comfort and counsel him, one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing room, and attract the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to 'train up a child in the way it should go.'

Doctors seldom take medicine, lawyers never go to law, and ministers never preach without you pay them for it. Why can't we all take the hint, and each of us be his own doctor, lawyer and preacher.—Investigator.

PHYSICIANS.—The greater the ability, age and experience of physicians, the less medicine they give.

The longer they practice the more they depend on the restorative efforts of nature, and the less confident have they in the specifics of art. Therefore, do not think less favorable of your physician because he prescribes but little. Thousands are sent to their graves by the very medicine which is intended to cure them.

INDUSTRY PROLONGS LIFE.—It cannot conquer death but can defer his hour; and spreads over the interval a thousand enjoyments that make it a pleasure to live. As rust may decay and rapidly consume the machine that is not kept in use; so decay and sickness accumulate on the frame of indolence, until existence becomes a burden, and the grave a place of rest.